

EXTRA
IN YONKERS MUD.

Horses Run Fetlock Deep in the Heavy Track.

The Favorite, Harry Rose, Wins the First Race.

Count Luna, Another Favorite, Gets Badly Left.

SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD. — The fact that there were no races elsewhere today betook themselves to the little track at Lowercase this afternoon and stood in the rain to see the horses pound through the mud, which was fetlock deep on a very heavy track. Betting was brisk and the returns to the sports who risked their money were satisfactory.

FIRST RACE.
Beaten horses: 4 1/2 furlongs.
Harry Rose, 105, (Collier) 1
Dixie Brannette, 105, (Perkins) 2
Hickory Jim, 105, (Verlano) 3
Louda, 105, (Clark) 4
Melody, 105, (Huston) 5
Reta, 105, (Cramer) 6
Mazuma, 105, (Gorman) 7
Betting—Louda, 10 to 1; Harry Rose, 7 to 5; Melody, 4 to 1; Hickory Jim, 5 to 1; Dixie Brannette, 5 to 1; Reta, 10 to 1; Mazuma, 30 to 1.
The race—Dixie Brannette took the lead and held it to the stretch, where Harry Rose forged to the front, winning by a length, Hickory Jim third, Time—1:07.

Mutuel paid: Harry Rose, \$4.50 straight; \$2.95 for a place. Dixie Brannette paid \$2.50.

SECOND RACE.
Selling allowances: five furlongs.

Bradford, 110, (Collier) 1
Joe Pearson, 110, (Huston) 2
Parkville, 110, (McLaughlin) 3
Roy Boy, 110, (Perkins) 4
Quincy, 110, (Clark) 5
Margunda, 110, (Gorman) 6
Betting—Parkville, 6 to 5; Roy Boy, 10 to 1; Joe Pearson, 5 to 1; Quincy, 5 to 1; Bradburn, 4 to 1; Margunda, 30 to 1.

The race—The drop of the flag Pearson's olive green coat to the front, with the green and gold of Bradburn's jockey in his immediate rear, and the favorite, Parkville, came out, with the others behind.

They continued in their relative positions to the stretch, when Bradburn's nose was pushed to the front and he came in the winner by half a length, Joe Pearson second and Parkville third, Time—1:10.

Bradburn sold immediately after the race for \$250, being entered at \$200.

Charles Smith, 110, straight, \$14.85; place, \$6.15; Joe Pearson paid \$6.25.

THIRD RACE.
All ages: six and a half furlongs.

Brian, 115, (McLaughlin) 1
Vigilant, 115, (Perkins) 2
Julia Miller, 100, (Clark) 3
Count Luna, 110, (Gorman) 4
Alvida, 100, (Huston) 5
Betting—Brian, 8 to 1; Count Luna, 7 to 10; Vigilant, 8 to 1; Alvida, 5 to 1; Julia Miller, 10 to 1.

The race—Julia Miller took the lead, with Brian second and Vigilant close up. The favorite, Count Luna, was going slow, and Vigilant passed him in front on the quarter, but did not keep there long, Brian passing him again at his even mud-bogged.

On the stretch Vigilant pulled into second place, and it did look as though he could win, but he was left by a length, Julia Miller third, and the favorite, Count Luna, nowhere. Time—1:15.

Julia Miller's jockey claimed a foul, but it was disallowed.

Mutuel paid: Brian, \$25.40 straight; \$9.75 place; Vigilant paid \$4.25.

The fourth race, for all ages, six furlongs, was won by Nonpareil, Johnnie E. second, Battledore third, Time—1:12.

THOROUGHBREDS AT AUCTION.

John D. Morrissey's Racing Stock Sold Under the Hammer.

The Central Park Riding Academy, Fifty-eighth street and Seventh avenue, was thronged this morning with lovers of good horse flesh, the attraction being the sale of the Montana millionaire John D. Morrissey's racing stable.

Among the animals disposed of were such well-known favorites as Kaloolah, French Park, Banbury, Pocumoke and Maggie J. A few of the noted turfmen present were J. J. Galway, master of the Preakness Stable; J. B. Ayres, a Chicagoan; Mike and Phil Dwyer, H. J. Morris, N. Hammond, Capt. Conner, of the Morris; Charles Wheatley, Secretary of the American Jockey Club; Charles Littlefield, J. D. Morrissey, E. B. Snedeker and Jockey Garrison.

A chestnut filly, foaled May 6, 1887, by Eolus, out of Jewell, was bought for \$500 by Billy Donohue, the jockey.

A grey colt, foaled March 20, 1887, by Ironquill, out of Bertha, sold for \$1,000 to John Higgins, trainer for Cassatt.

A chestnut colt, foaled Feb. 22, 1887, by King Rat, out of Gossamer, sold for \$2,000 to Andrew Thompson.

John L. is Still Very Sick.

SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD. — John L. Sullivan is still dangerously ill with gastric fever at the house of a friend at Crescent Beach.

News Summary.

A wheat shortage in the Northwest is reported.

Two women shot four rounds in the prize ring at Buffalo, and it ends in a knock-out.

Robert Somerville, of this city, is torn and trampled to death by cattle on a Western ranch.

A man named Wye, once a prominent politician, is lynched near Birmingham, Ala., for horse stealing.

A young man who persuaded George Vanderbilt, has been awarded a considerable sum of money in Atlanta.

A young Troy girl was knocked down and assaulted by an unknown man near her home and is picked up severely.

The French steamship La Bourgeoise, meets the Hamburg America ship at sea, and is shaken up in a lively manner.

Señor Ramero, one of the directors of the Spanish Bank of Havana, is murdered in his office by a discharged employee.

Charles Perry attempts the Niagara Rapids in a life-boat, which is upset. He swims three miles and is finally picked up by a fisherman.

Miss Annie Riter, the daughter of a prominent citizen of Providence, announces that she married her father's coachman last April, and goes to live with him.

OFF FOR DETROIT.

The Manhattan Team First to Leave for the Big Meeting.

A Great Contest Between the M. A. C. and N. Y. A. C. Expected.

Prospect for a Very Exciting Tussle Over the Championships—Jockey Garrison Denies a Story—Some Betting on Detroit Events—The Annual Tournament of the New York Tennis Club.

The event of the great athletic season of 1888 takes place at Detroit on Wednesday. The feature of the meeting will be the fight for the greatest number of points between the New York and the Manhattan Athletic clubs.

With English care to little matters in an important contest Messrs. Hughes and Secks sent their team of champions off on special parlor cars from the Grand Central Depot at 6 o'clock yesterday afternoon. The boys will stop at the new and commodious Hotel Cardiac House in Detroit, where they will have arrived by 1 o'clock to-day. Everything possible will be done for their comfort and convenience. Twenty-four hours more of rest and acclimatization than the other New York athletes will have do wonders to make up for the disadvantages they may look for in other directions.

"Snapper" Garrison laughed when shown a statement of Sam Bryant in a morning paper that Garrison, Murphy and McLaughlin all wanted to ride Proctor Knott in the "Century." Garrison says the story is as absurd as it is false.

Garrison says it will be a long time before he ties himself to any racing stable again. He prefers a mount in every race.

Prof. Oscar Glenson, the famous horse educator, whose wonderful feats with all kinds of untractable equines drew crowds to his exhibitions in this city two years ago, was at Sheepshead races on Saturday.

It is said that Varley, who tried to fight the Marine a few weeks ago, has skipped with his backer (Joe Wooley) gold watch and \$900 in cash.

Prominent members of the big athletic clubs are plunging on their favorites. The story who lost heavily on Gilbert's winning the cross country championship, last spring, is courting tale again by backing Carter against Connell in the five-mile run. A bet of \$500 more than he would take was offered him by a Manhattan man well known in connection with this club's new building. Some smaller bets were made about Jordan and Copeland in the 120-yard hurdle race.

The New York Tennis Club will hold its annual open tournament on Wednesday, Sept. 19 and the following days. Prizes will be given to the winners in contests of singles and doubles for gentlemen, doubles for ladies, and lady and gentleman doubles. Play will be governed by the rules of the U. S. N. L. T. Association. In the contests for ladies the best three in three sets; in the contests for gentlemen, except in the finals, matches will be the best two in three sets; in the finals the best three in three sets. All sets to be played and won by a majority of two.

The courts of the N. Y. T. C. are made of earth and are but little affected by the weather. The grounds are at One Hundred and Forty-seventh street and St. Nicholas avenue.

Warner Miller in Town.

He Holds a Harried Leave in the Fifth Avenue Hotel Corridor.

Warner Miller, the Republican candidate for Governor, arrived at the Fifth Avenue Hotel this morning.

After a hurried breakfast he appeared in the corridor and was button-holed by a short, dark man in a slouch hat, who drew him off to one side and held an animated conversation with him, in which the words "protection to American industries," loudly emphasized, reached the ears of an EVENING WORLD reporter no less than six times.

"I shall speak at the Palace Rink in Brooklyn to-night," said the ex-Senator, hurriedly to the reporter afterwards, and again at Cooper Union to-morrow night. That's about all."

"Did you come direct from your home to this city?" inquired the reporter.

"Yes, sir. I arrived here this morning direct from my home in Hartford. Do you remember his long journey in Hartford?" he said, he hurried to greet another Republican who entered.

"Iron coming across as a stoker."

He shipped in the Egyptian Monarch—Remorse Cashed Him by Free Himself.

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SPECIAL CABLE DISPATCH TO THE WORLD. — LONDON, Sept. 17.—Frank M. Iron, the defendant in the case of the Egyptian Monarch, is on his way back to America. He shipped as a stoker on the Egyptian Monarch.

The prosecuting attorney of Birmingham called to Consul-General Walter that a State officer would be sent across to bring the ascender home.

Before the cable was received Martin Walker, the Vice-Consul, arranged for Iron to work his passage across on the Monarch line, so anxious was the ascender to get back to Birmingham.

The EVENING WORLD correspondent saw Iron a few hours before he sailed. He said at the time that he was not driven to surrender by starvation or by fear, but by remorse.

Iron also said that his only desire was to serve his punishment and begin the world over again.

The EVENING WORLD had the first news printed of Iron since he absconded from Birmingham.

Your Friend Committed Suicide.

You never suspected it, none of his friends dreamed of it, he did not know it himself, but it is exactly what he did, nevertheless. Do you recollect how he used to complain of headaches and constipation? "I'm getting quite ill," he said to me one day. "But I don't like to pass off. I haven't done anything for it because I don't believe in 'do-lag.'"

MARSH SAYS GOOD-BY

The Aged Spiritualist Leaves New York for Good.

His Household Effects to Be Auctioned Off To-Morrow.

From This Out He Will Live a Farmer's Peaceful Life.

Luther R. Marsh has shaken the dust of the wicked city of Gotham from his feet. The Temple of Mystery, at 166 Madison avenue, is deserted, and if there were owls in the building it is extremely probable that they would hoot among the ruins.

The aged devotee of Editha Loleta Dine Debar, Baroness Rosenthal, Countess Landsfeld, better known by her number to the keepers of Blackwell's Island Penitentiary, has bidden him to the country and turned farmer.

Mr. Marsh left the city for his farm in Central New York four weeks ago, and told a gentleman at that time that he should never visit the metropolis again excepting to make his final report as a member of the New Park Commission.

Lawyer Marsh has persistently asserted his belief in the mediumistic ability of the fraud who wears a convict garb on the island, though obliged to admit her moral depravity.

The publicity which has been given him by the exposure and punishment of the conspirators who had worked upon his credulity and belief in the supernatural to make his gullibility a source of great profit to themselves, has been extremely unpleasant to the old gentleman and he has sought refuge in the seclusion of his farm and his actions in flight.

In June last, the "Temple," of 166 Madison avenue, which had been given to Miss Dine Debar by Mr. Marsh, but which she concluded to retransfer to him when The World exposed her and her methods, was sold to Martin & Brother, real estate brokers, at 1149 Broadway.

This sale was quietly consummated, and Mr. Marsh continued to reside at the house until about four weeks ago, when he packed up a few of his effects, including one of his wonderful speech notes, which the police did not confiscate when they were looking for evidence to convict the Spiritualist frauds, Gen. and Mrs. Dine Debar.

The rest of his household effects were hurried over to Auctioneer M. A. Herts, of 242 Fifth avenue, who will sell them at auction to-morrow morning at 10.30 o'clock.

An Evening World reporter visited the late temple of mystic art this morning, and found it in possession of two of Mr. Herts's employees, who had left evidence of their employment in one lot number in white paint, which appeared on everything in the way of furniture, bric-a-brac and work of art.

Pictures were plentiful. Many were oil paintings. They covered the walls of the front and rear parlor on the first floor, but there wasn't a spirit painting among them. They are all modern works, by such artists as Verelstoeven, Frisk, Gietzner and Melrose.

The only thing which remained as a reminder of the time when disembodied shades of the present in the lower half of his big, heavy gilt frame which used to set off the counterpart of the great Aulus Claudius, Mr. Marsh's illustrious ancestor.

The picture was removed by Inspector Ryan's sacrilegious detectives last spring.

THE WHIO CHIEF IN COURT.

Owen Bruen Called to Account for Assaulting Greaser Burns.

"Owen Bruen to the bar!"

That was what the Clerk in Recorder Smyth's court in General Sessions called out in a deep bass voice this morning.

The room was crowded, and every one craned his neck or looked around to get a glimpse of the present Whio chief of the underworld, the legitimate successor of Dan Driscoll, the murderer, whose neck was stretched by the hangman last spring.

They saw a thick-set young man of medium height, dressed in black, smooth shaven, with a low forehead, above a most repulsive countenance. His cheekbones were high giving him a hawk-like expression, and his small, black, beady eyes glared quickly around the court-room as he came down the aisle from the prisoners' pen with his head hung forward.

He looked once at the Recorder, with a sullen, hang-dog expression on his face, and then withdrew his eyes quickly and settled down in a chair beside his counsel, Ambrose H. Purdy, who wanted to have a conference with him before he was arraigned.

Bruen was arrested for assaulting and robbing Herman Burns, an inoffensive old German groceryman, on Labor Day, in his store at 33 Park street. Burns refused to give Bruen \$2 which he demanded and thereupon Burns struck him with his fist, giving him a bloody nose, knocking him senseless. The fellow also fired a revolver at the grocer as he fell, the ball passing through his vest three inches from his back.

The Recorder asked that the trial should proceed, and then Mr. Purdy got up and asked for an adjournment in order to have a proper consultation with his client, and also to summon a number of witnesses whom he declared were necessary for the defense.

The Recorder demurred at this delay, and said there had been plenty of time to do this, but he finally bowed the adjournment until 1.30 this afternoon in order to procure their witnesses, at which time he said the trial would go on without fail.

Death of Thomas Dawson.

Thomas Dawson, the well-known "dog" critic and writer on the subject of dogs for the Turf Field and Farm, died suddenly yesterday morning of heart disease. Mr. Dawson was from Yorkshire, England, and was an expert in the training of dogs and horses. He was a great admirer of fox-terriers, of which he was a breeder in England, where he took many valuable yearlings and his comments over the signature of "The Yorks" have been prominent in the columns of the President of the New York Press Club. Mr. Dawson will be buried in the lot of the New York Press Club, at Cypress Hills cemetery, to-morrow morning, while an old-country friend, Mr. H. M. Hickey, will write the sad intelligence to his mother and brothers still living in Yorkshire.

A Young Girl Drowned.

The body of a young, good-looking and well-dressed girl was found floating in the North River, near the Pennsylvania Railroad Ferry, about 11 o'clock this morning, by Capt. Jay Cox.

The body looked as though it had been in the water some days, and it is thought it may possibly be one of those that were drowned on the Hudson last week.

BOHAN CONVICTED.

Queens County's Prize Fiend Promptly Found Guilty.

The Man Who Deliberately Gouged Out His Wife's Eyes.

A Sad Scene in Judge Garretson's Court-Room.

SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD. — LONG ISLAND CITY, Sept. 17.—There was a sad scene in Judge Garretson's Court of Sessions for Queens County, in Long Island City, to-day, when William Bohan was arraigned for trial for the fiendish crime of gouging out his wife's eyes.

Mrs. Bohan, a middle-aged, matronly woman, was surrounded and supported by her three married daughters, Mrs. John Hoffman, Mrs. John Wiesel and Mrs. John Barry. Her sister, Mrs. William N. Terrill, was also present in court.

Mrs. Bohan was dressed entirely in black, and on her eyes were bandages. She will never see again, and the story of her abuse is a singularly horrible one.

Her husband seems to have a peculiar mania for this sort of cruelty, for he deprived his wife of sight by two deliberate acts more than two years apart. Just after Easter, 1886, Bohan became infuriated at his wife because she refused to give him a small sum of money, her possession of which he had discovered, and, rushing upon her, he thrust his thumb into her left eye, and attempted to gouge it out, so damaging it that the sight was completely destroyed.

After that he frequently declared that some day he would have her other eye out, and on July 31, of the present year, he carried out his threat.

Bohan was the proprietor of a low saloon at Rockaway Beach, and his brother lived with him and his wife. On July 30 the brother left, saying that he was going away to work.

William Bohan did not come home that Sunday night, but put in an appearance next day. He was partially intoxicated, and was savage in his talk with his wife. He accused her of having stolen his watch, and when she denied that she had anything to do with his going he threw an ear of corn at her head, but missed her. This only made him more furious and arising he approached her.

The daughter, Mrs. John Hoffman, sat on her mother's knee at the time, and she says that her father took her mother's head between his hands and holding it as he did, he thrust his thumb into her right eye and gouged it out so that it was useless.

Bohan ran away, but returned after two days and was arrested by Constable Jones and confined in the Queens County Jail without bail. The Grand Jury found two indictments against him, one for the offense of 1886, and the other for that of last July. J. M. Newman appeared as his counsel in the trial before Judge Garretson, and District Attorney Fleming prosecuted.

To the average mind it seems strange that the abused wife should have lived with such a beast, especially after her first injury. But the fact is that she was a weak woman, and her husband was a strong man.

After Bohan's arrest, and while he was confined in jail, Mrs. Bohan visited the place and cried as if her heart would break, but I don't suppose it can be avoided, and I must wait until some relation of the mystery clears.

Young Bennett spoke very forcibly and indignantly.

Chief Murphy has little to say this morning, excepting that there is nothing new in the line of disclosures. Young Bennett will not be arrested, even on suspicion, unless his father dies. He seems to be under no police surveillance.

The sufferer at the house on Forrest street is much better this morning. The paralysis of his tongue has disappeared and he talks well again. He frequently spoke to his son Gus yesterday and remarked in the afternoon that he felt like taking a drive.

There is little doubt now that he will recover.

IT WAS HANS VON LOER.

The Young Man Who Jumped from a Staten Island Ferry-boat.

The young man who jumped from the Staten Island ferry-boat Southfield last night and was then unknown, was to-day identified as Hans Von Loer, aged twenty years, of 286 Lexington avenue, this city. The body was recovered early this morning.

At 11 o'clock Bohan was brought into court by Sheriff Mitchell. He is a square-jawed, beetle-browed man with a stiff black beard coming to the lower half of his face. His deep-set eyes are small and blinking, and he sat in a crouching attitude, his eyes flitting furtively from object to object, but never rising to the lower half of his face.

To-day's trial was to be on the first indictment for mayhem, and District Attorney Fleming related the story of how Bohan injured the first injury to his wife, April 29, 1886.

Mrs. Bohan was the first witness. She was led to the witness box by two court officers, and she made her slow progress with certain steps across the court-room the brutal husband bent his head and covered his face with a brawny hand.

It was evident that Mrs. Bohan appeared against her husband with much reluctance, for she quibbled about her ability to tell what happened in 1886, saying that it was too long ago.

She was sworn, however, and the prosecutor asked:

"Mrs. Bohan, can you see me?"

"No, sir," she replied; "I can see the light, but nothing else."

"How did you lose your sight?"

"Well, he put his hand on me, but it was in the dark and he didn't mean to hurt me, but he pushed me down, and I fell, and I have your other eye now, and I have gouged out the left eye."

During the giving of testimony by his wife and daughter, various emotions expressed themselves on Bohan's face. When the blind wife insisted that it was all an accident, a sinister grin overpowered his face, half shaded by his hand, and as she evinced a desire to leave with his wife on rapidly, confidence returned to him.

He lifted his head and gazed about the room with a What are you going to do about it expression.

Mrs. Kate Hoffman came next. She is a bright, intelligent and rather pretty young woman. She related a story similar to that of Mrs. Barry, and said that a month or so prior to her assault Bohan had declared to his wife that he would some day give her a mark that she would carry to the grave, that a month after the assault he had said he would have

AT WHICH END WILL THE GIANTS EMERGE?

They Went In at the Big End of the Horn, And Only Tall Ball Playing From Now On Will Prevent Them Coming Out at the Little End.



SULLIVAN SENDS FOR HIS MOTHER.

Still Very Sick at Crescent Beach—Another Physician to Be Called.

SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD. — HORTON, Sept. 17.—John L. Sullivan is still in a very precarious condition. The nurse who is attending him at Trenton Cottage, Crescent Beach, said this afternoon to THE EVENING WORLD correspondent that the "champ" is confined to his bed, and, judging from the way he tossed about, he is in considerable pain.

Dr. J. Foster Bush says that John L.'s liver, as well as his stomach, is in a very bad condition. A large number of friends of Sullivan's called at the cottage Sunday to see him, but the nurse refused admittance to all.

A reporter called at the cottage this afternoon to inform John L. about Fox's statement, but under no condition would the nurse or anyone in the house show the statement to the "champion." "How long do you think it will be before John is around again?" the nurse was asked.

That's a hard question to answer. There is yet no sign of improvement in his condition; and we are going to call another Boston physician to see him to-morrow, and a message was at once sent to this city to bring the parent to his bedside.

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The physicians who have been attending him are confident that he will be all right again inside of two or three weeks.

ON THE DIAMOND.

Standing of the Association, Central League and International This Morning.

Win. Lost. Played. Tied. P. per cent. Runs. Hits. Errors. Stolen bases. Putouts. Assists. Total bases. Average. Fielding percentage. Errors per game. Stolen bases per game. Putouts per game. Assists per game. Total bases per game. Average per game. Fielding percentage per game. Errors per game per game.

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